VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 2.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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LITTLE FOLKS

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CHARLES STUART PRATT AND
ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(Mothers' Department. Part I.)

CHOOSING CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IN buying Christmas books, parents will do well to choose for little children such as will be enjoyed the year round. Among those desirable from this point of view, are Alphabets, Song Books, Bird Books and Fairy Books. Walter Crane enters the Christmas field this year with an *Absurd Alphabet, Baby's Own Alphabet,* and *Noah's Ark Alphabet,* (Routledge, 40c.) The *Absurd Alphabet* is an adaptation of Mother Goose rhymes with pictures in the artist's well-known style. The ogre on the second page may frighten some nervous child, but most little people will find him what Samuel Sewall would call "an awful yet pleasing treat." This *Alphabet* is highly colored; but the next has the more delicate tints of the familiar Baby's Opera. The *Noah's Ark Alphabet* will delight animal-loving children, and has a two-page picture of the patriarch and his family going into the Ark in Oriental costumes, very different from those of the wooden figures of the toy shops.

One of the best bird-books to buy for children is *Bird Neighbors* (Doubleday & McClure Co., $2.00). It will introduce them to one hundred and fifty birds, commonly found in the gardens, meadows and woods about our homes. It is by Neltje Blanchan, with an introduction by John Burroughs and has fifty colored plates. These plates have been already published in the magazine called *Birds* and are in great demand by teachers. No other illustrations of birds, except the most expensive, are nearly as good, and though the attitudes betray that the photographs are from stuffed specimens, the coloring is lifelike. In fact *Bird Neighbors* is a book that every mother should buy for herself as well as for her children.

In *Singing Verses for Children* (MacMillan, $2.00), the words are by Lydia Avery Coonley, the pictures by Alice Kellogg Tyler, and the music by Frederic W. Root and others. The songs are pretty, childlike and natural, and the illustrations in flat color

Cloht Quarto. Price, $2.00 net

[THE TITLE PAGE REDUCED TO ONE-FOURTH THE SIZE OF THE COLORED ORIGINAL]

"A work of rare beauty," says the Evening Post.

"The verses are by Mrs. Coonley-Ward and are especially fitted to their purpose, being simple, wholesome and joyous. . . . As for the pictures, if only one could be reproduced here in colors, there would be a stampede for the book."—Times-Herald, Chicago.

NURSERY-SONGS WITH COLORED PICTURES AND MUSIC.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 Fifth Ave., New York

such as children love, suggesting a careful study of Boutet de Monvel and Japanese artists. A good investment for a family where there is a piano, and careful children may be encouraged to copy the pictures. *The Child's Garden of Song* (A. C. McClurg & Co., $2.00), selected and arranged by William L. Tomlins, with designs by Ella Ricketts, is of the same style as *Singing Verses for Children*, but the illustrations are of less merit. The songs have been used in Chicago kindergartens, and as the compiler says in his preface, are of a high grade both in music and poetry.

Cinderella and Other Nursery Tales, retold by Rosamond Marriott-Watson and others (Dutton, $1.25), needs careful handling on account of the pasteboard picture-cover, but otherwise is a good "first-book" of fairy tales, and may stimulate unwilling little readers to find out for themselves the delights of a story book. The same stories are in stronger cloth binding as *Mother Goose Nursery Tales* at $2.50.

Beatrice Harraden's *New Book of the Fairies* is one of the newest fairy books and really of a new kind (Dutton, $1.50). One opens a book by Beatrice Harraden expecting to find it tinged by the morbid coloring of "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "Hilda Strafford;" but her fairies are cheery, helpful little creatures who live in loaves of bread, lesson-books, chimneys (where they are only giving a ball to the fire-fairies when the chimney is supposed to be on fire), flowers and pictures, and teach the little girl who dreams of them that she may become a human fairy, and that Fairyland is in her own heart. It is a pleasant book for the "children's hour" around the fireplace.

The Pink Fairy Book, edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, $2.00), is the fifth gay-colored volume in which Mr. Lang has adapted the fairy-tales of all countries. The whole Lang series would make a sumptuous gift.

Some mothers will think that I have mentioned too few cheap books, and that two dollars, or even a dollar and a half, is a large price when there are many stockings to fill. Let me say that it is better to buy one really good, well-bound, well-printed, well-illustrated book, give it to all the children together and teach them to take care of it, than to invest the same amount of money in six or eight cheap pasteboard volumes with poor cuts, silly stories and lame verses, that will be dogs'eared and in pieces in a week.

Caroline M. Hewins.

MONTHLY MENTION OF NEW BOOKS.

"The 'Five Little Peppers' Books," comprising "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," "Five Little Peppers Midway," "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," and "Phronsie Pepper" are the children's favorites in thousands of homes, and will delight thousands of other children as the years go by. Each and every volume can be heartily recommended as wholesome and entertaining reading for young folks of all ages.

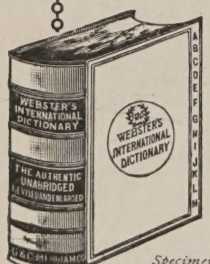
From the opening line "Now, once upon a time, a nest of fairies," through the nearly two hundred pages of Mary E. Wilkins' latest volume "Once Upon a Time and other Child Verses," the children will revel in the rhymes, ballads, and jingles about elves and fairies and human little folk. Very dainty and fanciful are most of the verses, and daintily illustrated by Miss Barry. The book will be a treasure to the imaginative child.

Webster's International Dictionary

In its various attractive bindings it makes

A Choice Gift

for Christmas and other occasions.



The International is a thorough revision of the Unabridged, the purpose of which has been not display nor the provision of material for boastful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.

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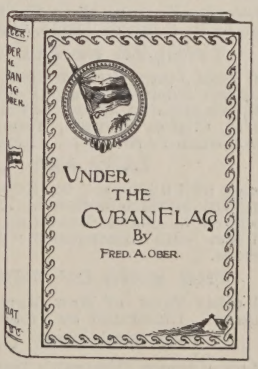

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Letters from Children. All readers of LITTLE FOLKS are invited to write letters for the "Letter-Bag." Send them to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

Right Reading for Children is a matter of great and growing importance. Parents will find Miss Hewins' monthly article on "What Shall Children Read?" full of direct help. Her advice may be relied upon. Miss Hewins was the delegate from the United States to the International Congress of Librarians in London last summer, to present the subject of Children's Reading.

Photographs for the First Baby Show are coming in by every mail, and an interesting exhibit is already assured for the January number. Parents everywhere are cordially asked to contribute photographs of babies and little children—cute, quaint, funny, beautiful or picturesque—for this show, and those to follow. Send to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

Children's Sayings. Mothers and fathers everywhere, it is hoped, will send to the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS the interesting sayings of their children—odd, cute, funny, strange, witty or wise—also accounts of their interesting doings, doings out of the common. It is proposed to publish in the Mothers' Department, from time to time, collections of these sayings and doings of children, as a valuable contribution to child-study.

The Publisher wants People of all ages to secure their friends and others as subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS. It is not a cheap magazine, but is first-class in every respect. No old pictures or stolen stories. Everything is new and paid for. Nothing is too good for the editors and publisher. Rich and poor can conscientiously ask their friends to subscribe. Ministers, Sunday-school superintendents, College students, Professors, Authors, Lawyers, and their wives have taken and are taking subscriptions for us. Will *you* not do the same?

A FULL STOCKING.

(The little girl speaks.)

I wonder, how does Santa know,
Off in the North so far,
The size our stockings are—
To bring them full from top to toe!

But every year, fast as I grow,
He is so wondrous wise,
He knows my very size,
And fills them full from top to toe.

And stranger still—last night, ho, ho!
I hung Dick's golfers here;
And now—it is so queer—
They too are filled from top to toe!

C. S. P.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1897. No. 2.

THE OLD DOLL AND THE NEW DOLL.

SANTA Claus was very much hurried one Christmas Eve. It was a half hour later than usual when he started to distribute presents. His clock, which he regulates by the Polar Star, had lost while he was away in the Country of the Dolls, the week before, and he did not discover it until late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

He urged on his reindeer, but it was so late when he reached the city that he had simply to rush down the chimneys, cram the presents helter-skelter into the stockings, and in many cases even drop them on the floor, and be off again.

Thus it happened that the New Doll, instead of being put in one of the Little Girl's stockings, which were hanging by the chimney, was laid on the hearth-rug. Then Santa Claus scrambled up chimney, and his shouts to his reindeer and the tinkle of his sleigh-bells died away in a minute.

"WHY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

The New Doll sat up and looked around, and there was the Old Doll, sitting in a little rocking-chair, and staring piteously at her out of one eye.

"So you have come," murmured the Old Doll. Then she began to cry.

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"Why, what is the matter?" asked the New Doll.

"Wait until next Christmas and maybe you'll find out," sobbed the Old Doll.

"Is it because I have come? Don't you feel glad to see me?" inquired the New Doll.

"Yes, it *is* because you have come, and I am *not* glad to see you," snapped the Old Doll. Then she sobbed again.

"I don't think you are very polite, when I have come such a long cold way from the North Pole," said the New Doll.

THE OLD DOLL PULLED HER DOWN.

"I suppose you expected me to get out the doll's tea set, and make a cup of tea, and fill it up two thirds full with sugar for you. But I never will," said the Old Doll. She cried so hard that her little chair rocked violently.

"Well, I am going to get into the stocking, and not stay here to be treated so very unkindly," said the New Doll, who was near crying herself. Then she climbed up on the fender, opened the top of the stocking, and was all ready to jump in, when the Old Doll sprang, caught hold of her dress, and pulled her down. "Oh, don't, don't!" she pleaded.

"This stocking was hung here on purpose for me," said the New Doll indignantly.

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the Old Doll. Then she flung herself down on the hearth-rug, and wept so hard, that the New Doll begun to weep too. She knelt down beside the Old Doll. "What does make you feel so?" she asked pityingly.

"Look at me! only look at me!" sobbed the Old Doll. She turned so the New Doll could see her. She was a forlorn-looking doll. Her waxen face was cracked, her cheeks faded, and her nose melted almost flat because she had stayed out in the sun too long, one summer-day. One eye was gone, and the other would not shut when she lay down, so she could never go to sleep. Her yellow wig was matted, and the sawdust had leaked out of one arm, which hung helpless at her side. Her clothes were very shabby, her gown was faded and entirely out of fashion, and she had only one shoe and stocking.

"Look at me, only look at me!" repeated the poor Old Doll, sobbing so she could scarcely speak.

The New Doll, who was very fine and fair, with her curling yellow hair, and her sweet smiling face, who wore a beautiful white frock and a white coat and a bonnet trimmed with fur like a real baby's, looked at the Old Doll.

"Are you afraid our Mama won't think you are pretty, any longer?" she faltered.

"She can't help it," sobbed the Old Doll. "Only look at me! And that isn't the worst of it. They have been talking about taking me to a doctor, and having my eye and my arm fixed, and they won't now a new doll has come, and I shall die if I can't sleep before long, and if I lose much more sawdust."

"WHAT DOES MAKE YOU FEEL SO?"

The New Doll stood up. "Don't you cry any more," said she.

Then there was silence except for the Old Doll's sobs (she had hidden her face again), and the clock-tick.

Presently she looked up, the clock ticked so loud. She could not see the New Doll anywhere.

She looked at the stocking on the left of the chimney but it was still quite empty. The New Doll was not in there. There had been no room in the stocking on the right of the chimney, so there was no use in looking in that.

"WHY, HERE'S MY OWN DEAR OLD DOLLY!"

The Old Doll called in a weak voice, but no one answered. Finally she lay down under the dangling toe of the empty stocking, and would have gone to sleep, she was so exhausted with her grief, had she been able to shut her eye.

On Christmas morning, the Little Girl in her night gown came running to see her presents, with her father, mother, grandmother and two aunts, stealing behind her to witness her delight. She took down the stocking on the right side of the chimney, which was crammed with gifts, and pulled them out with cries of joy. Then she turned to the empty stocking on the left and saw her Old Doll sitting disconsolately under it.

"Why, here is my own dear old Dolly!" said she, and took her up, and kissed her lovingly on her cracked face.

The father, the mother, the two aunts, and the grandmother, looked wonderingly at the Old Doll, and the empty stocking, then at one another.

They had heard that Santa Claus was to bring the New Doll on Christmas Eve, and put her in the Little Girl's stocking, and here was only the Old Doll sitting under it!

"It is very singular," they whispered. When the Little Girl went away to get dressed, they all searched for the New Doll, but they could not find her.

Then the two aunts whispered together, and one of them ran for her hat and cloak, and went down town.

After her return, the two aunts were shut in together for some time, and the Old Doll was with them.

"After all," said one aunt, as she glued a beautiful new wig of yellow hair on the Old Doll's head, and looked at the new pair of blue eyes, both of which would open and shut, "after all the dear Little Girl loves her Old Dolly so much that she will do just as well as the new one. That old Doll Doctor was very handy at putting in eyes, and fixing over faces, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was," said the other aunt, who was sewing very fast, trimming a doll's bonnet with fur.

"When I have stuffed her arm with sawdust, she will be as good as ever, if she is two years old," said the first aunt.

"Still it is singular where that New Doll went," said the second aunt, and the first aunt agreed with her that it was.

It was the first aunt who, late that afternoon, found the New Doll. She took down one of a row of Fairy Books, on the second shelf of the book-case, in order to read a story to the Little Girl, and there was the New Doll tucked away behind them.

THERE WAS THE NEW DOLL BEHIND THE FAIRY BOOKS.

Then the aunt screamed, and then everybody ran to see what had happened. They all held up their hands in astonishment. "The strangest thing!" they cried.

The Little Girl was delighted. She was not as much astonished at the strange appearance of the New Doll behind the

Fairy Books as were her elders, none of whom dreamed that the New Doll had hidden herself behind the books to spare the poor Old Doll's feelings.

But the two Dolls knew. They looked at each other, dressed exactly alike, excepting that one wore white and one blue, and their waxen faces beamed with smiles.

Mary E. Wilkins.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. PUSSY-CAT!"

THE FAREWELL TO THE MAYFLOWER.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

A RECITATION FOR FOREFATHERS' DAY.

It was a glowing April day;
The Mayflower still at Plymouth lay;
To-morrow she would sail away.

I.

BRAVE Richie More, with grave Trevore,
Stood in the freshening gale.
"The Mayflower trims her sails to-day,
To-morrow she will sail,"
The sailor said. "Come you with me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!

II.

"The storms have left the ocean clear,
And shines the April sun;
And dead lie half the pilgrims here,
Ere half the year is done—
Come you with me, come follow me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!

III.

"Yonder your brother Jasper sleeps,
The long green hill below;
Your sister, too, was laid beneath
The mayflowers in the snow—
Come you with me, come follow me,
My little orphan boy," said he,
"And back to England go!"

IV.

"O, dear Trevore," brave Richie said,
"The pilgrims met to-day,
To see who had the faith to stay,
And who would sail away.
They saw the flag rise o'er the sea,
But none would yield up liberty
And back to England go.

V.

"And lovely Mary Allerton
The blockhouse door passed by.
'I'll too be true,' said she to me,
And so to her said I.
We little pilgrims would be free,
And so I cannot follow thee
And back to England go!"

VI.

The Mayflower o'er the April tide
  Upraised her wings of snow;
The Pilgrims watched her from the graves
  Of those they loved; and, low,
Sweet Mary Allerton, said she
To Richie More, beside the sea,
  "We'll not to England go!"

VII.

The little Pilgrims stayed and made
  For us a nation free;
And all we children are to-day
  As true to liberty
As those by Plymouth Rock who stood,
And saw the Mayflower sail, and would
  Not back to England go!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

THOSE QUEER LITTLE SMITHS.

TOM, Phil and Theo were very queer little boys indeed. Tom was eight years old, Phil six, and Theo four.

In the first place, they just loved to go to bed at night. (Wasn't that queer?)

They had their supper at five o'clock. Then their mother read them a story, or said a sweet poem. Before she had gone far, Theo would begin to nod. Then Phil would break in and say, "Can't you hurry a little bit? I want to go to bed!" Then as likely as not, after the other two boys had been taken off, Tom would begin to cry to himself, "I wisht I was as little as Theo. Oh, I wisht I was littler, so I could go to bed earlier!" His mother would say, "Do brace up, Tom, and see if you can't

sit up until seven o'clock." But Tom would burst right out wailing and weeping, and say, "I don't want to sit up till seven o'clock! Oh, dear! Have I got to sit up until seven o'clock?" until his poor mother was glad to hurry him off to bed. When the little Smiths were naughty, their mother would say sternly, "Take care, sir, or I'll make you sit up until half-past seven!"

5.30 A. M. IN THE SMITH NURSERY.

In the second place, the little Smiths just loved to get up early. (Wasn't that queer, too?) About half-past five every morning, a little head would bob up from the small white bed in Theo's corner. Then from a second corner, another head would bob up, and very often a pillow would fly in the direction of a third corner, where there was a third white bed, in which Tom lay. Then there would begin a succession of barks, like a dog's, and mews like a cat's, and all sorts of singing and shouting, until nobody could sleep, and then by-and-by Mother Smith would come in, and long before seven o'clock they would be all ready for breakfast.

What do you suppose the little Smiths had for their breakfast? That was a third queer thing about them. They just loved oatmeal porridge, with a little sugar on it and a great

deal of milk. They ate it in soup-plates, and they passed their soup-plates three times for more. Sometimes it seemed as though they would kill themselves with eating oatmeal.

There were a great many more queer things about the little Smiths, but I will only tell you about their queerness on a certain Christmas Day.

Mother Smith was a very busy lady, and so she always had put off having a Christmas Tree for the children. She said it was such hard work, and took so much time, that she really couldn't attend to one. Besides, the little Smiths just loved to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and then get up at an unearthly hour Christmas morning to look into them, and so had never missed having a Tree.

On this particular Christmas, however, Mother Smith said to Father Smith, "It is too bad that those dear little boys have never had a Christmas Tree of their own! I don't care how much it costs, nor how hard I have to work, nor how much time it takes, I am going to have a lovely Tree for them this year." And Father Smith promised to help her all he could.

So they told the boys, about a week before Christmas, that they were not to hang up their stockings this year, because they were to have something nicer than Christmas Stockings.

Upon this, all of the queer little Smiths looked very sober, and Phil, who was the most suspicious of them, said, "Is it *really* nicer?"

"Oh, a great deal nicer!" said Father Smith, and he smiled very hard, and made motions with his head, as much as to say, "You just wait and see!"

After the boys had gone to bed, two nights before Christmas, a beautiful little Christmas Tree was brought to the house and set up in the parlor. Half that night, Father and Mother Smith spent in twining gold paper, and pop-corn festoons, and red-white-and-blue flags, in and out of the twigs of the Tree. They hung a silver boat in one place, and a silver ear of corn in another. Silver doves fluttered from the branches. Candles were hung, all ready to light, on every limb. All day the parlor was locked up. The little Smiths tried to look in through

the windows, but the shades were down. They tried to peep through the key-holes, but they couldn't see anything.

Christmas Eve they went to bed uncommonly early. They had voted to have whatever it was they were going to have, on Christmas morning, at the time when they generally opened their stockings.

Oh, how Father and Mother Smith worked that last night! Little glittering balls were hung all over the Tree. Candy horses and cows and sheep were tied on here and there. Each boy had a bright pocket-knife, and a rubber stamp with his name on it, and a conductor's punch. One of the punches cut

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT THE SMITHS'.

out S, for Smith, which was for Tom, because he was the oldest; one cut P, and one cut T. Each boy had a Chinese lily growing in a pot full of pebbles. Around the base of the Tree lay a big box of tools for Tom, a box of stone blocks for Phil, and a box of wooden blocks for Theo. There was a pair of bright round-pointed scissors for each boy, and a scrap-book in which

he could paste the pictures and stories that he cut out with the scissors. There were two beautiful agate marbles for each one, and a whole box full of alleys. Tom had a dissected map, Phil a steam-engine with a boiler that would give out real steam, and Theo had a big shiny fly, which could be wound up and made to run all over the carpet. I couldn't begin to tell you all the things which the loving hands of Father and Mother Smith piled on that Christmas Tree.

They determined to be up before the children could possibly awaken. Then the Tree should be lighted at once,—and oh, how happy the children would be! Father and Mother Smith laughed to themselves, tired as they were, as they went to sleep.

They were awakened at half-past four by hearing a noise in the nursery. I suppose nobody ever hurried as Father and Mother Smith did then to get dressed. Mother Smith put a few clothes on the boys, while Father Smith went to light the Tree. Presently the boys were ushered into the parlor. Their eyes were as big as butter-plates. They walked around the Tree, and gazed at it. Then Tom sat down in the corner, and turned his face to the wall.

"I wisht I'd hung up my stocking!" he wailed.

Then Phil flung himself on the carpet, with his face down, and moaned, "I wisht I'd hung up my stocking!"

Whereupon Theo rushed wildly to his dumbfounded mother, and hid his eyes in her skirt, and sobbed out, "I wisht I'd hung up my stocking!"

"No, you don't!" cried Father Smith. "Look here, Tom! See, Phil! How's this for a knife? Theo, look at this sheep!"

But the boys only turned around languidly, and said, "It ain't half so good as a stocking!"

And poor tired Father Smith and Mother Smith looked at each other, and said, "I wish we had all the money and time and strength back that we have spent in decorating this beautiful Tree for these ungrateful little boys!"

The next year the queer little Smiths had no Tree. They hung up their stockings, and they were perfectly happy!

Kate Upson Clark.

DOT'S CHRISTMAS PIECE

I WONDER if old Santa's pack
Is big and heavy on his back?
I wonder if it holds a toy
For every single girl and boy?

I'd like a doll, and carriage too,
I'd like a sleigh all nice and new,
A picture-book, some building-blocks,
A black and shiny music-box.

I'd like a stocking full and fat,
A woolly dog, a candy cat;
I'd like that everyone should be
As happy, Christmas Day, as me!

But if old Santa *should* go by,
You need not think that I would cry;
My mama's kiss would comfort me,
And papa'd hug me three times three!

Annie Willis McCullough.

A WEE WALK.

"One day I took my mama out to walk—
And that's the very bestest way to go—
And she and I, we had a little talk,
About the snow-birds, and the snow."

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL

IS for Butterfly,
Dainty and airy,
Colored and winged
Like a beautiful fairy.

(*Mama's Butterfly Talk.*)

DOT and I were picking October pansies in the flower garden. Just then Tommy came running up from the vegetable beds with a parsnip leaf, and on it a great caterpillar.

"Go off! It scares me; it's ugly!" cried Dot. "No, it isn't," said Tommy, "it's handsome. See what a bright green it is, all cross-striped with black velvet!" "And caterpillars," cried Will, "caterpillars turn to butterflies—butterflies, Dot!"

"Do they, *do* they, mama?" asked Dot. "Some of them do," said I, smiling. "*Some*!" broke in Will—"don't they all?" Then I told the children that some of the twenty thousand kinds turned into butterflies, others into moths.

"But what's the difference?" asked Tommy. "Butterflies," said I, "are day-fliers, moths are night-fliers—butterflies like sunlight, moths like moonlight and starlight. You can tell them in other ways, too. What you call their 'feelers,' on butterflies, have knobs at the end; on moths the 'feelers' are one size all the

way, or else pointed, or thickest in the middle, or feathered. Moths, too, hold their wings out flat when at rest, while butterflies hold their wings straight up over their backs."

CHRYSALIS.

"Which will this turn into?" asked Tommy, holding up the parsnip leaf with the green and black caterpillar. "A butterfly," said I. Then I told them how this caterpillar would by and by crawl away to some sheltered spot, how the soft worm would change to a hard-shelled chrysalis, how the chrysalis would sleep all winter, and how in the spring the shell would split apart and a butterfly come out and spread its wings.

"What kind, what color?" asked Will. "A Black Swallow-Tail," said I; "a big fellow, four inches across, black, with two rows of yellow spots along its wings, and blue between the rows on the hind wings—wings beautiful enough for a fairy!" "A fairy?" cried Dot. "Yes," said I, "for you know in fairy stories and fairy pictures the fairies have wings like butterflies."

"BUTTERFLIES LIKE SUNLIGHT."

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

CHAPTER II.—Old Mrs. Pence and Her Basket.

BEE followed Cousin Albert's wife into the chamber. There stood the baby's cradle, with the baby in it. Its little pinkish face was not screwed up to cry, now, but looked sweet and calm under its tiny white cap.

Bee sat down on a hassock beside the cradle, and when the baby's mother gave her a comb she took it just as if she always combed her own hair. She wished that she had said nothing about the lost bow and the burdocks. It was pleasant to be thought a big girl.

"I don't think I shall break her," she said to Cousin Albert's wife as she was leaving the room.

"Oh, you musn't touch her! Only rock the cradle softly if she wakes," said the baby's mother.

And off she went to take care of her real old lace, while Bee took care of the baby.

Bee pulled the burdock burrs carefully out of her hair and threw them out of the window. Then she again braided the snarly curls into a tight little braid. She thought that braids were more stylish than curls, and one should be stylish who was taking care of such a baby as that. Its cradle quilt was of white silk, the cradle itself had a flounce of white lace, and the pillow was lace-covered.

It began to be very still and lonesome in the great chamber, after Bee had done her hair. Bob had said you never could tell what a baby would do, but this baby didn't do anything for a long time.

The littlest one of the Browns never sat still long, unless she had a book, but to-day she tried hard. There were chintz curtains at the windows and she studied the little shepherdesses with flocks of sheep so steadily that she remembers the pattern still. (I know this, for my story is as true as can be, and I am better acquainted with Bee than with any one else in the world.)

The baby stirred, then puckered up her little red button of a mouth and cried fretfully. Bee rocked the cradle gently but the baby continued its feeble little wail. Bee hoped that no one would hear. She didn't want Bob to be told that she couldn't take care of the baby. She sung, softly, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," as old Ann, the cook, had sung to her when she had the mumps.

But the baby didn't seem to like it; she "made up a face" and cried louder. Perhaps she was like Bob, Bee thought, and disliked to hear a person lisp.

ANY ONE WOULD LIKE PEPPERMINT CANDY.

She suddenly remembered that she had the peppermint candy in her pocket, and she broke off a tiny bit and put it into the baby's mouth. She did not know what babies ate, but surely any one would like peppermint candy! The baby ceased to cry, and opened her eyes with a queer little look of surprise. It must be a surprise, thought Bee, when one knows for the first time how good candy is!

The baby heaved a long sigh of contentment and slipped softly off to sleep.

Bee felt very proud. She wished that she were not too bashful to tell Cousin Albert's wife what to do when the baby cried.

The baby slept very quietly now. It was nothing to take care of a baby, thought Bee, when one knew how.

The room was very still and lonesome again. Bee began to think of her story-book, and to wonder whether poor Pippy ever got out of the old-clothesman's bag and home to his dear little master.

She concluded it would do no harm to slip softly down stairs and get the book and read it while the baby slept. She tiptoed all the way and shut the door carefully, carefully.

When she opened the library door again, Uncle Joshua looked up absently, made the gruff, little noise in his throat and took out the candy box.

"I've had one," said Bee honestly.

She hoped he would say "take another," but he didn't; he looked at her and smiled a little and put the box away. Bee felt disappointed, but still she wasn't sorry she had said it, because, as she afterwards explained to Bob, if she hadn't another stick of candy neither had she any "mean feeling" about her. Even candy didn't pay for having a "mean feeling."

She thought she had returned "Pippy's Warning" to its shelf in the secretary, but when she looked it wasn't there. It took her several minutes to find out that as she had hastily laid it down it had fallen on the floor between the secretary and the wall.

She ran back, in breathless haste, afraid that the baby had awakened. But no sound came from the room.

When she had entered it and shut the door softly behind her, she saw that the pillow was tossed half way out of the cradle, the silk quilt trailed upon the floor, and that there was no baby in the cradle!

Hot tears of shame rose to Bee's eyes. Cousin Albert's wife must have come in and found out that she had left the baby. She would think she could not be trusted!

Bee stood still, not having the courage to go in search of Cousin Albert's wife and the baby, and suddenly she caught sight from the window of old Mrs. Pence hurrying along the road.

SHE WOULD FLY AND GET THE BABY.

Old Mrs. Pence was one of the "back folks," as the people were called who lived on the edge of the town. Bob had tried to make Bee believe that she was a witch and carried off children. He said—oh, a dreadful thing!—that he had seen little legs sticking out of the great basket Mrs. Pence carried—yes, several times.

Sometimes, after Bob had told her such a story as that, he would come and tell her that he had been "joking" so that it wouldn't be telling a lie. But Bob had never said he was "joking" about this. He always firmly declared that he *had* seen the little legs sticking out of old Mrs. Pence's basket!

Old Mrs. Pence did look like a story-book witch. Her face was brown and wrinkled, like a baked apple. She had a little hump on her back and she was always talking to herself. But of course when a bright little Yankee girl is eight she *knows* that there are no witches, except in story-books.

Old Mrs. Pence had her basket on her arm now, and held closely against her breast was a baby!

The baby was wrapped in her shawl and had a veil over its face, but Bee saw a little lace cap and lovely yellow hair, such as she had seen but a few minutes before in the lace-flounced cradle!

Old Mrs. Pence had come in at the front door, stolen softly up stairs, and carried off the baby, reasoned Bee, and started wildly after her. As she ran down the stairs she heard Cousin Albert's wife's voice from an inner room: "Little Beatrice is taking care of the baby." But she could not give an alarm. She would fly and get the baby away from old Mrs. Pence, and no one need know what had happened!

Sophie Swett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIES.

The little birds see all you do,
  They hear each word you say;
They sit and talk about it, too,
  When you are out at play.

And then to Santa Claus they go
  And tell him everything,
So, when, on Christmas, he comes by,
  He'll know just what to bring!

Gelett Burgess.

A ROSY-POSY CHRISTMAS.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

AND one night when Robbie was ready for bed, all dressed in his little nightgown, his father stood him upon his knee and said,

"To-morrow, my son, will be Christmas! *To-morrow, my son, will be Christmas!*"

And you should have heard the little Booboo laugh, and you should have heard the little Booboo scream. He was so excited and pleased.

"Oh—o—ou!" he screamed.

And he jumped down on the floor, and he ran about and he kicked up his heels.

"Oh—o—ou! Oh—o—ou!" he screamed. He was so excited and pleased.

And Robbie rode on his father's shoulder and they went upstairs to bed.

(He always rode on his father's shoulder when they went upstairs to bed.)

And mama was there, dear mama was there waiting to hear his little prayer and tuck him up in bed.

And the little Booboo slept and slept, and the big Booboo slept and slept, and mama slept too, and then it was Christmas morning!

But you never can guess, and you never can think, how Santa Claus came to Robbie.

Listen, just listen—you do not know. The snow never fell in the land where the little Booboo lived! It never snowed at Christmas!

"TO-MORROW, MY SON, WILL BE CHRISTMAS!"

Out in the garden the sun was shining, and the grass was green, and the roses were blooming–the roses were blooming at Christmas!

And the little Booboo jumped out of bed, as soon as it was light he jumped out of bed and dressed and ran into the garden. And the big Booboo got up too, but oh, he was very sleepy. He could hardly hold his eyes open.

And what do you think the little Booboo found out in the garden where the roses bloomed that sunny Christmas morning? And what do you think the big Booboo found out in the garden where the roses bloomed that sunny Christmas morning?

They found a little Christmas Tree—a Christmas Tree covered with presents and toys out in the garden!

And you should have heard the little Booboo laugh, and you should have heard the little Booboo scream.

"Oh! oh! oh! papa, Santa Claus has been here!"

And his father said, "Yes, he certainly has been here."

Up among the green leaves of the tree the presents and toys were hanging—just as though they grew there!

There was a drum and a gun and a soldier cap and a big tin horn and a little red cart and a book and a ball and a jumping-jack hanging on that tree, and many things besides.

THEY FOUND A LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

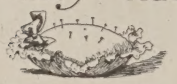
Oh, wasn't it a happy day? Oh, wasn't it a merry day—when mama came out and joined them?

Gertrude Smith.

HIS FIRST FISH.

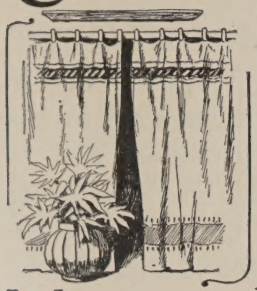
What did the Black Cat do? — Guess!

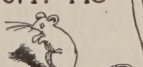
II

Running, whispering, hiding, laughing, — such a time as there was in the on Christmas Eve! People had been coming home for days before with and . No one looked at them except Mama — and the . He peeped at every bundle! And now the beautiful was almost ready. Prissy had put the last stitch into the pretty  she was making for Mama, and Fred and Polly had driven the last in the made out of a for Grandma, and Papa had marked the names plainly on all the . Everybody had something nice for everybody else, from Grandpa down to the

And there were full of candy, and popcorn, and I don't know what else.

The tree was in the parlor behind the red



and when everybody was ready, they were all to march in with a . Were they all there? Mama counted. Yes – no. Where was the ? They could not have the tree without him. Why, there was a little toy for him that would run when it was wound up, and a that sang, and a string of , and a . The Black Cat must come to the Christmas Tree! So they hunted, and called, but he did not come. "We cannot wait," said Mama. And in they all went. "O-oh!" cried Polly, who was first. "Look, look! he knew where the  and the were. He did not wait to be asked!" And what had the Black Cat done?–Guess!

CHRISTMAS ACORNS.

AVY Ledyard wanted, O! so much, to give a Christmas present to his father and to his mother, and to his little sister Lucy. O, how he wanted to give those three presents! But Davy Ledyard was only eight years old, and this year he didn't have a cent of money of his own.

Christmas presents had been easy the year before, for his mother had given him three dollars and taken him to the shops, and waited out of sight while he picked out her own present; but this year everything was changed. His father had lost all his money, and they had moved far out into the country where his father worked hard (with only one man to help him), to make a piece of wild land into a farm, and his mother cooked and washed and ironed, with no one to help her. It was certain to Davy that there would be no money to spare for Christmas.

Davy had enjoyed playing in the woods all summer with little Lucy; but when September came, and the first frost made him think of winter, he couldn't help thinking how different this next Christmas must be, from the last one.

"If I were only bigger!" he thought, "I could work somewhere, and earn some Christmas money;" but, as I said, Davy was only eight years old.

One morning as he was driving to the village with his father, they overtook a big boy on the road with what looked like a bag of potatoes on his back.

"That's a heavy load," said Mr. Ledyard. "Won't you get in and ride?"

"No thank yer," said the boy," I'm goin' to turn in at this next gate. I'm takin' acorns to Mr. Reed's pigs, and I ain't goin' to take any more. It's too slow work, at twenty-five cents a sack!"

A Christmas thought popped into Davy's head so suddenly that it almost made him jump! There were ever so many oak trees on their land, and his father didn't have any pig—why shouldn't *he* gather and sell acorns? Davy could hardly wait until they reached home to begin.

Picking up acorns is slow work—slower than any one who hasn't tried it would guess. Davy was disappointed to find how little a whole lard-bucket full looked, when it was poured into the big bag he was going to fill. Little Lucy helped bravely.

LITTLE LUCY HELPED BRAVELY.

She worked as hard as though she knew they were Christmas acorns, though she had no idea that she was doing anything but "help Davy." Some days she picked up as much as two buckets full all by herself. "Is your bag any fuller, Davy?" she would ask anxiously, after her acorns had been poured in.

"Of course it is, Lucy," Davy would answer. "It's a whole bucketful fuller! You've helped me a whole bucketful, Lucy!" and Lucy would be glad, and run away to pick up more acorns.

But at the end of two weeks, Davy had two big bags filled to

the top. Then he had to consider what he would do next. He couldn't carry the acorns to Mr. Reed on his back, as the big boy had done. Besides, all at once, he wasn't sure it would be right to sell things to the neighbors without asking leave. Davy decided that he would have to tell his father a part of his Christmas secret.

He took little Lucy by the hand and went to find him.

" Father," he said, " I want to tell you something, that I can't tell *all* of, because it's a secret, but I wanted some money for something that I'm sure you'd let me do, if you knew it; so I've filled two big bags with acorns for Mr. Reed's pigs. Will you take them to him the next time you go to the village, and take me too and let me sell them ? "

" Of course," said Mr. Ledyard. " And I'm going tomorrow."

Davy was a glad boy when Mr. Reed gave him a shining half-dollar, all his own, and happier still when, two weeks before Christmas, his father let him drive to the village with the hired man, and he was left alone in the big country store to spend it.

Davy had wondered for a good many weeks after earning the money, just what to buy with it; but one day little Lucy had fallen with the dipper in her hand and broken the handle off, and his mother had said, " It's too bad, for we'll have to go on using it now, without any handle," and Davy had decided then to get for his mother a new dipper.

And when a few days after this, his father lost his tape measure, he knew what to get for him.

But he hadn't decided on anything for little Lucy. When the dipper and measure were bought, he had but fifteen cents left. At last he found, in the corner of the store where the toys were kept, a box of pretty picture blocks for just that price.

If Davy lives to be a hundred years old, I don't believe he will ever again enjoy spending fifty cents so much as he did that day!

But he was happiest of all when Christmas morning came, and little Lucy squealed and jumped with joy over her blocks, and his father and mother said their presents were the *very* things they wanted most. The only thing he didn't quite understand were the tears in his mother's eyes, for he was sure she was happy

Henrietta R. Eliot.

Ralph C. Buell is the first name to be enrolled for Jackey Dimock's "Breakfast Class."

CHELSEA, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I would like to tell you something about my stamps. I have about eleven hundred. I think it is fine to collect them because it teaches me geography and history, and foreign languages and colors.

The Spanish stamps have a picture on them of the little-boy King, and the Holland stamps have a picture of the little-girl Queen. Greece has a picture of Mercury, and Uruguay has a steam engine on one of its stamps. Ever so many men collect stamps, and I am glad I have begun to like them while I am a little boy (I am now ten years old).

The Columbian stamps are just fine; they represent Columbus landing in this country, the fleet of Columbus, Isabella pledging her jewels, Columbus in chains, and several other interesting pictures. I suppose that in a few years from now it will not be very easy to get any Columbian stamps.

I hope some little boy will start a collection from reading this letter.

Lowell D. Crandon.

(*From a Little Girl Who Secured Seventeen Subscribers.*)

PEABODY, MASS.

Dear Little Folks.—Most two weeks ago mama sent for one of your magazines, and it came yesterday. I could read considerable, for I am seven years old, and mama helped me some, and I saw the picture of a girl's watch in the premium-list. So this morning I got up and made up my mind to make some scribers to *Little Folks*. Mama gave me some names to go and see. I took my wheel and started. The first place I knew the lady, and she said she thought she would scribe, but she would let mama know. So I said "all right," and I said "if you have got a dollar perhaps you better let me have it, cause you won't have to bother again." She gave me the money and I tucked it in my mitten, and started on my wheel again. The next place I told her what a beautiful paper it was for small folks, and I showed her how to read those new kind of stories with pictures instead of words. She scribed too, but said she would give the money to papa.

Then I tried again, but she wasn't at home

The next place was over on Central street, and I smelled candy when I went in. Why it's simple easy to make scribers, and she took it right off and tucked the money in with the other one. Then I spoke about the good smell and she made me take some candy.

I had only one more name, so I went to Washington street. I didn't have to go in here. She said 'yes' at the door, but when she saw the money in my mitten she said I better carry it right home, I said yes, I would, because I had to get some more names from mama.

Well, wasn't mama sprised and pleased? I said it was easy enough, and I wanted more names. Well when my papa came home I had thirteen scribers and it only takes six to give me a watch! It's great fun and my cousin Harold started after I did, and got eight scribers, one for only six months. Can't you give me some fireworks for scribers next summer?

Dot Palmer.

P. S. I have seventeen subscribers now.

Why cannot all the bright little girls, seven years old, have a watch as well as little Dot? As Dot says, it is very easy to "make scribers" for LITTLE FOLKS!

PEABODY, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am going to tell you about the chute which my brother Leslie and I built last summer.

It was built from some large joists which were left when our big brother built his tool house.

We put the two longest ones from the roof of the tool house to a horse, and then we laid two shorter ones from the horse to the ground.

The boat was made of a quite large soap box with castors on the bottom. We fixed boards on the sides to keep it from jumping off the track. We used soap and water to grease the track, and this kept two boys busy. We had a step-ladder to climb to the top of the chute.

Leslie tried it first; and the boat went so fast we had to tie a rope on it to hold it back. One of the boys sat at the top and held the rope.

The boys all thought it a great thing. Mama says she should think there were fifty boys in the yard at times!

One night we stayed out after supper and of course we had to light up. We covered an old broom with kerosene oil and set it a-fire and stuck it in the ground. It was fine.

Harold Cassino.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old, and I send you a letter in rhymes about my little doll. I call it

MY DOLLY.

O, my beautiful dolly!
She is fine, I declare!
I have named her Polly,
And she has golden hair.

And my little Polly,
I dress her *so* sweet!
When any one sees her
They say she is neat.

And my little Polly
Each day I love more.
She's the handsomest dolly,
As I told you before.

She can dance, she can fly,
She can whirl up and down,
She's the best little dolly
Anywhere in town!

Laura May Cobb.

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DON'T FUSS WITH THE BABY.

But fuss with the baby's bottle until it is as clear as sunshine, and its nipples as clean and sweet as a healthy baby's breath.

When the baby's milk is to be sterilized know what to do before you begin. Don't think of anything else at the same time, then sterilize like a scientist, and not like a happy-go-lucky mother.

When the baby has its bath, first shut windows and doors and have *everything* ready before you begin. Don't keep jumping up to get something while baby is waiting and wondering.

Put the baby to sleep in a room by itself, let it sleep as long as it chooses and on its stomach too (its way of keeping warm). Don't turn its day into its night because you have so much to do in the daytime that you want baby to sleep then.

Don't show your love for baby by waking it up to see your friends, or by kissing, trotting, rocking it, or by walking with it up and down the floor, or by dressing it in finery. Let its clothes be hung from the shoulders and not be drawn tightly over its stomach.

Above all, don't try psychological experiments with it, by making diagrams of its early smiles, or by trying its eyesight with dangling colored balls, or by bothering its ears with tuning-forks. Observe it all you choose, but unknown to it. Just treat it respectfully. A baby is chiefly stomach during its first six months. Tend to that stomach and the baby will be all right and when it is grown up will be neither dyspeptic nor nervous.

Kate Gannett Wells.

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For Youngest Readers and Little Listeners and Lookers-at-Pictures.

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ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

The First Number . . . . . November, 1897.
The Price . . . . . ten cents a copy . . . . . one dollar a year.

A big beautiful magazine, for all little children, from baby up to ten-year-old.

Each Number Complete in Itself, except for one serial story.

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And besides these there will be each month . . . . the best little short stories . . . the best little poems . . . and "pieces to speak" . . . . the best little nature talks . . . . and natural history tales . . . . and the very best pictures to be had . . . . . funny ones, beautiful ones.

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Play Time. *All kinds of puzzles, directions for puzzle-making, games to play, making playthings, new ways to play, playing with pets.*

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The Little Folks' Letter-Bag. *Children's letters from everywhere. All readers are invited to write.*

Additional Departments for Mothers.

What shall the Children Read? *Talks with mothers about the right books for children to have. By Miss C. M. Hewins, of the Hartford Public Library, the acknowledged authority on children's books. Also monthly mention of desirable new books for children and for parents.*

Good Health for Children. *By physicians, mothers, and teachers.*

Dress for Children. *With pictures. Under the special care of Miss Barry and Miss Clare Bunce.*

The Entertaining of Little People. *A consideration of new games, of new toys, of walks and excursions, of children's songs, of kindergarten play at home, of little lunches, lawn parties, dances, flower parades, etc.*

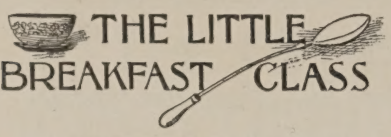
In the First Number.

Sophie May, the most distinguished of the older writers for very little children, contributes the story of "Brave Baby Betty"; while the author of the latest thing in children's literature, Gertrude Smith, contributes a new "Arabella and Araminta" story—which is also the last "Arabella and Araminta" story the author will write. The round of short stories will also include "A Funny Go" (to a Thanksgiving Dinner), by Abby Morton Diaz; "Shem the Stupid," a droll dog story, by Annie Isabel Willis; and a very big true hunting adventure of a ten-year-old boy, by W. Thomson. The serial features and departments will open. Gelett Burgess, inventor of the "Purple Cow," will reveal an unexpected side in a charming poem, "A Child-World."

Sample copy on application. **LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS.**

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.



ANOTHER KIND OF GEM.

IF you want your folks not to never get tired of gems for breakfast, don't make the same kind—not the next morning I mean, not two mornings together. I make six kinds, and my folks never know which it will be. A good kind after the Arlington Wheat Meal ones, is the yellow granulated corn meal. You make it different. If you make it the same way, the yellow granulated corn meal tastes as if it was sand. You have to soften the meal, and swell it, you see. And you can't make it of all meal, or it'll settle, the same as sand. You have to put flour with meal, and egg, to hold it up.

Well, you take your yellow bowl, and your sugar spoon, and all the rest of your things, and you grease your gem-pan. Then you take your half-pint tin measure, and you get it once full, and no more, of the yellow granulated meal and pour it in your yellow bowl. Then you sift the same measure three quarters full of white wheat flour, and put that in your yellow bowl too. Then you put in your tinned-iron measure-spoon full of sugar. Then put in your mother's silver teaspoon one quarter full of salt. Then put in the same teaspoon good rounding full of baking-powder *twice*. But before you begin, you have an egg on the shelf, and you put a silver tablespoon half full of hard cold butter in a cup on the stove to melt, until it will pour, but not sizzling hot.

Well, you rub your meal and flour and sugar and salt and baking powder together a lot. Then you have some good milk in your pitcher standing on the shelf, and pour out your pint measure full, and then you pour part in your meal, and then you break your egg in—you don't want to beat it any —and then you turn your butter in, and then you stir the meal in a little, and then you pour in all your milk, and then you stir in a slow, nice, softy way; and then if it seems thick you put in one of your mother's big silver tablespoons two or three times full of milk—I didn't tell you to have this spoon before, I know, but you do have it, for I don't like to stir with an iron spoon. You must have it thin, not water-thin, but a nice smooth cream-thin. I used to get the corn meal gems too thick.

Then you put it in the gem-pan and bake it, and your oven must not be *too* hot, but a slow, fair, good hot; and your meal will swell, and your flour and egg will hold it up together, and your butter, too, will help keep it from being sandy, and your gems will come out as big and yellow and rich as gold. Your folks and *everybody* always like this kind.

Jackey Dimock (shef).

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The watch has stem-wind, cylinder escapement, second hand, good Swiss movement—guaranteed a good time keeper. The cash price of this watch is $2.75.

I make the way so easy that every boy, little and big, can afford to own this watch. Any one sending 4 subscribers to Little Folks (at $1 each) will receive the watch FREE.

If easier, get 2 subscribers (at $1 each) and send $1 additional, $3 in all. You must not include a name from your own family, nor pay for another's subscription. 15 cts. extra should be sent for registry fee and postage, to make sure of safe delivery.

Six subscribers will bring you a fine Lady's Watch (silverine case)—a little beauty; or given for 4 subscribers and $1 extra.

The cost price of the Lady's Watch is $4.50.
Address all orders to

S. E. CASSINO, ... Publisher of Little Folks,
221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

What is said of us.

WHAT individuals think is sometimes more interesting and nearer the truth than what the newspapers say. Only a week since the first number of LITTLE FOLKS was published, and the Magazine has hardly reached all the subscribers, yet scores and scores of people have written us congratulatory letters. Here is what a few of them say. Next month you shall hear what the papers say.

From Five Prominent Authors.

Just a line before the mail goes. The pretty LITTLE FOLKS is with us and everybody has read and looked, and criticised and praised, and the "vote is around the lamp" a charming, suitable magazine for the darlings!!! It looks well too! Its air is aristocratic.

The new magazine LITTLE FOLKS came this morning, and I want to congratulate you upon its charming appearance and contents. It can not fail to be a success. I think on the merits of the first number I can secure several subscribers among my friends.

I shall talk everywhere of the new magazine, and do my best to get subscribers for I want you to have all the wide success you so nobly merit.

Allow me to say it is bright, artistic, and the very thing for those after whom it is named, entertaining and helpful. I have already commended it warmly to my Sunday-school and propose to have a copy in our library.

Enclosed find $1.00 for LITTLE FOLKS, to be sent to ——. I am much pleased with the initial number, and believe you will find a good field for it. I believe you have struck a good point in the Little Breakfast Class in encouraging children to cook. I have two little girls 8, and 10, adopted from Boston three and a half years ago, who do real cooking. I will have them write you a letter.

From a Lady in Illinois.

Please find enclosed $1.00 for one year's subscription to LITTLE FOLKS. I received sample copy yesterday, and am delighted with it. It is just what I have been waiting for.

From one of the Largest Subscription Agencies.

We received samples and feel that we must add our word of commendation to those you must already have received. We believe it is the best paper now on our lists for the younger boys and girls, and trust you will meet with the success which you so manifestly deserve.

From a Newsdealer.

Received a copy of LITTLE FOLKS, which I think is the finest thing I have ever seen in that line. Think I can get several subscriptions.

From South Carolina.

A copy of LITTLE FOLKS received. It is the best magazine for children I have ever read.

From Ohio.

I consider LITTLE FOLKS excellent and desirable.

From Pennsylvania.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for LITTLE FOLKS. Your sample copy I liked very much and wish to subscribe.

From a Lady in the South.

My heart leaps within me at the knowledge of such a possession as the LITTLE FOLKS magazine. I am a Grandmother and four times Great Aunt, etc., etc., and if there is anything I have sought and cared for it is just such a publication as the first number of the first volume of LITTLE FOLKS. I wish to subscribe for twelve copies and enclose the addresses. I should like to have them go promptly as Thanksgiving remembrances.

From a Little Girl in Michigan.

I have received the first number and think it is just lovely. Mamma says I may take it.

From a Boy in North Dakota.

I got the first number of LITTLE FOLKS. I send names of six subscribers and $6.00. Please send Boy's watch number 353. All the boys and girls like the magazine.

From a Massachusetts Boy.

It's a fine magazine. I got seven subscribers in one day, and three the next. It's dead easy to get people to take it. Please send me the following premiums. * * * Shall get some more.

A Little Seven-Year-Old Girl.

Your sample copy came about a week ago. It is a delightful magazine for children. My five-year-old was greatly interested in reading the Black Cat Guessing Story. Elizabeth, only seven years old, has secured eighteen subscribers. She has had no help from me other than giving her a list of friends and others for her to call on. You will find list enclosed. * * * *

A DOLL'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

A branch from a large tree, set up in a flower-pot, makes a fine doll's Christmas-Tree. Children can trim it themselves, and make the gifts to hang on it.

Chains, made out of little strips of bright yellow, gilt, and silver paper, will festoon gracefully over the twigs. Cut the strips only an eighth of an inch wide as the rings must be very tiny.

A few packages of red, gilt, and silver tinsel will help make pretty ornaments. Cut out tiny gay figures of children and animals from advertising cards, and gum bits of the tinsel on their backs. Then fasten on loops of thread to hang them by.

Penny dolls, dressed in bright silks, or in white as babies, and hung up by ribbons around their necks, will make the right-sized dolls as gifts to the real dolls. Candy-bags, made by folding together bits of inch-wide lace, twice that length, are gathered along the tops with colored embroidery silk and filled with tiniest bonbons.

Inch squares of swiss, feather-stitched with bright silks and finished with lace ruffles, make dainty covers for doll-pin-cushions. Little bags of colored satins or silks, with draw-strings to match, make good shopping-bags for dolls, and add to the brightness of the Tree.

Homœopathic medicine vials, filled with cologne and hung up with baby ribbon, make tiny perfume bottles for dolls.

Little pictures, framed neatly in gold-paper frames, will please the dolls.

A few artificial flowers, small ones of course, stuck in a spool covered loosely with crepe paper, tied about with baby ribbon, will look like a fine plant in a fancy pot. Two or three of these will add greatly to the appearance of the Tree.

Doll picture-books can be made by folding half a dozen sheets of paper about two by three inches, along the middle. Pictures can be cut out and pasted on the leaves, or made with the children's paint-brushes. Pictured scenes in gay colors, that can be cut just the size of the leaves, gummed on the outside pages, will make fine stiff covers.

To these gifts can be added carriage or sofa cushions, afghans for doll-carriages, little pillow-shams for doll-beds, fancy scarfs for doll-bureaus and tables; also any number of tiny articles that can be bought.

By the time all these things are made and hung on, the dolls' Christmas Tree will probably be full. It is safe to predict that both children and dolls will enjoy such a tiny Tree hugely.

Annie Isabel Willis.

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Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

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It is a monthly guide for teachers, parents, kindergartners, and others responsible for the training of young children.
It brings a budget of fresh helps and practical suggestions for both home and school use
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Typical stories, new songs, nature studies, child study.
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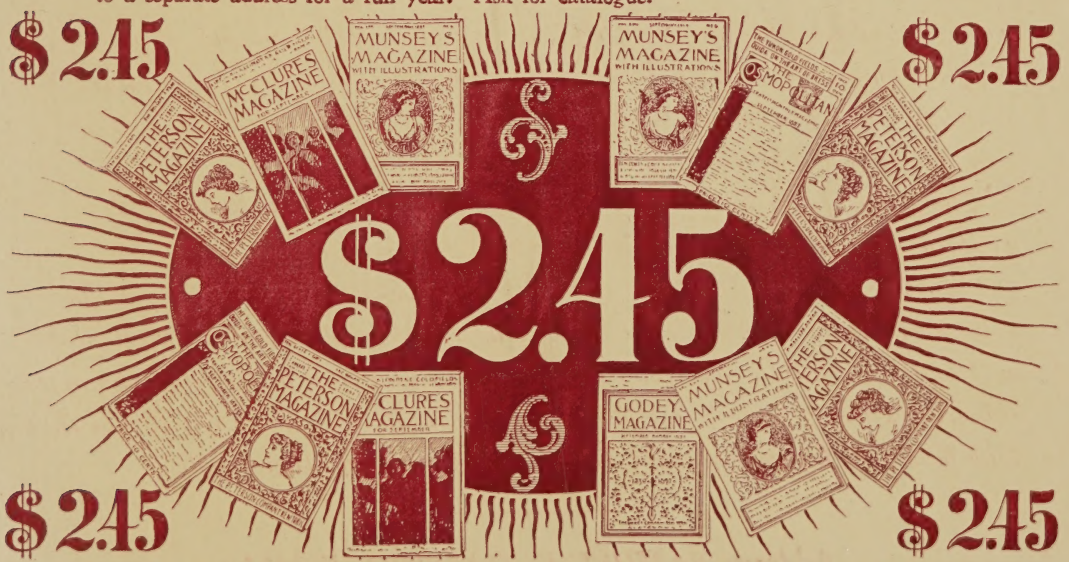

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You can have **Little Folks** *free for a year if you send two names at $1.00 each. What a nice Christmas present it would make for some cousin or little friend. It makes Christmas come every month. And if you want a good watch, or books, or steam engine, a game, or something for mama or papa you can get it by sending some subscriptions to the publisher. Or, if you prefer the money to spend, you can write to the publisher and he will tell you how much money he will pay for every subscriber.*

The list of premiums (8 pages) is given in **Little Folks** *for November. If you haven't it you can send for one (free). Better send at once as they will not last always. You can truthfully tell your friends* **Little Folks** *is the best magazine ever printed for the little people (the older people seem to like it pretty well too), and that the publisher will make it better and better; and the more subscribers you get the better he will make it. He will never use stories that have been used before or pictures that have been used by other people.*

Address SAMUEL E. CASSINO, Publisher,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.